Bhoys-if the Lord spares me

IRISH MEMBER.

BY JOSEPH KEATING.

When the honorable member for Rathkeale, County Carlow, Ireland, left the house that night he felt tired and pathy. lonely. No notion of doing anything but going to bed came into his braindrowsy and heavy after the excitement his protest. "scenes in the house," which his alert intelligence had enlivened. though as the honorable member Rathkeale he might control the destiny of the British empire by inons, as plain Denis Cavanagh-"Dinhis colleagues cailed him-he could not control destiny even so far as it

some Irish regiments—particularly the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers—the Unfortunate Private Tim O'Callaghan of the honorable member for Rath—and youthful, looked small with Denis staring down at him; he really had less than a man's years and more than a man's years and youthful, looked small with Denis the private year.

"It was always handy."

"It was always handy."

"It was always handy."

"Did ye sind that cable?" It was always handy, parliament.

black beard, a fierce dark look, and a manner as mild as a maiden's; while his voice rolled out like full rich mu-

When he put his latchkey into the self into a dungeon. He found on the -Tim might already have been shot. hall table the brown envelope of a tel- The thought of this gave Denis

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the proper paint to use. The other was prej-

udiced and insisted upon using "hand mixed" lead and oil. The same painter did both jobs. Last week the lead and oil brother gave us an order for "New Era" Paint.

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two brothers, who were also

neighbors and had homes alike,

painted their houses. One was

convinced that "New Era" was

"Poor old people!" His voice expressed profound sym-

"Sure-it can't be true at all!" he protested, and the dark passage echoed

He read the message again: martialed and sentenced to death for

oncerned his going to bed when he felt For Denis' ample affection and admiratrouble for the last thirty-six hours. In ever said or did extraordinary importthe "little war" then going on in Afri- ance in his eyes, and he took it that ca some Irish regiments-particularly she meant him to save the life of the

pecting him back every day, bringing was good and the divil not half bad; with him an Irish parliament in his and some way of escape for Tim O'Callaghan he would surely find.

Only one little thing could stop him door he felt as if he were letting him- from saving his "misfortunate towney"

ew Era Pai

(32)

Begor! if he is Biddy'll never speak me acin"

to his mother in Rathkeale yet."

"Ye'll be having to make Chamber-lain sind that cable, Dinny."

to me agin."

Under pressure of this awful possibility, Denis made haste to the war office for details. Breakfastless he had unfoddered. Denis galloped to his seat had a he put it, be "made a bowlt for the doore."

He read the message again:

"Cable from army headquarters, Central Africa, this morning to O'Callaghans. Their poor son Tom court-that, for some state reason or another. He searched the corners of the par-mertialed and sentenced to death for the proper official target for his aring liamentary workshop; failing there, he martialed and sentenced to death for mutiny. Old people heartbroken. Save their boy.

BIDDY."

This was a message to try a man. For Denis' ample affection and admiration for the loving wife who signed herself "Biddy" gave everything she ever said or did extraordinary importance in his eyes, and he took it that

But a hush suddenly fell upon that ately left the ladies and hurried down nagh?" quarter, and Denis-now transformed to him.

Private Tim O'Callaghan under sen-tence of death and his poor old mother

No sleep came to Denis that night.

The sun rose upon a definite program.

And when Denis rose, dripping from whether his attention has been called the properties of the beth he rose like Neptune and his the bath, he rose like Neptune and his to the proceedings of the court-martial "Do you mean that you are expecting looking down at the dark running trident from the sea—with three points held on the 15th instant at the headwater, Denis thought with a sigh and a to his one hope. First, he would learn quarters of the army now operating ride the whole military—smile of the little place far away in something about the matter. Second, against the rebels in Control learn and the second against the rebels in the second against the rebels in the second against the second agai against the rebels in Central Africa, Rathkeale, where the family were al-ways wanting to know when he was coming home, and the "childer" ex-

"Private O'Callaghan was tried by court-martial, charged with mutiny in face of the enemy, and sentenced to be "I don't care. Do you

left-hand colleague.

"Has the sentence been carried out?"

"Has the sentence been carried out?"

Mr. Chamberlain whispered to the colleague on his left, who made signs misfor header. to an invisible oracle behind the speakpause; and Mr. Chamberlain rose.
"No official information has been received that the sentence has been car-

Denis breathed again, and rose with his second supplementary: Was the right honorable gentleman aware of the precise nature of the charge of "He's a good lad" De

ndless "supplementaries." wanted to know. "A body'd think I But the last reply had given Denis kept reprieves in me breast pocket like

his comrades refused to obey—was an order to retire, and run away from the inimy?

Nothing would have surprised the honorable member from Rathkeale so much as to find there was the elightest accuracy in this insinuation; but it was good—if disorderly—debating; and it really upset the stolid attitude of the secretary for the colonies, who answered hesitatingly that he had "no official information on the point." But, he graciously added, "in view of the brilliant bravery shown by the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers throughout this war, it would not be surprising to find that such was the case."

"That being so," said Denis, immediately assuming the whole thing proved, "will the right honorable ginteman consider the advisability of taking a humane course in this instance—and cable instructions for O'Callaghan's reprieve?"

The right honorable gentleman shook his head. On second thought, he rose to say emphatically:

"The serious nature of the offense would seem to put the question of reprieve quite beyond consideration."

Denis expected that much. But he was upon his feet with another phase:

"I can assure the right honorable gintleman that this matter is one where a little delay and investigation would be more than justified. I meself can throw a new light altogether upon the matter. And I would, with grair respect, urse upon the right honorable gintleman the imperative necessity of delay—if only for twinty-four hours—before carrying out this iniquitous sintince on a blameless Irish soldier."

Denis wanted, above, all things, to learn the private of Callaghan's tyreative of the private of Callaghan's tyreative of the properties of the control of the

tous sintince on a blameless Irish soldier."

Denis wanted, above, all things, to lengthen Private O'Callaghan's threatened existence. He thought he could easily spare a little breath to prevent O'Callaghan running short of it prematurely. He trusted to heaven and his ingenuity for ultimate success.

Mr. Chamberlain rose slowly:

"As the honorable member," he replied quietly, "assures me that he is in possession of important private information regarding this unfortunate matter, I shall, of course, cable for further details, which will necessarily involve some slight delay in the final carrying out of the court-martial sentence. But." he added significantly, "I look to the honorable member to furnish valid reasons for his serious interference with regulations."

"He'll know what I want to see him about. Sure, it'll be all right, me deere man."

"Darae not allew—sir—awful consequences. Much as my place is worth, sir. I'd be dismissed from the force—at once!"

"I'm going in annyway," said Denis. The policeman dared not lay hands upon a member of parliament—even an Irish member—without the sergeant-at-arms beside him. But his body shrank in agony under his uniform as Denis—himself in a quiver—put his knuckles to the oak with the whisper of a knock.

A painfully silent, pause followed, in which Denis and the policeman looked at each other in a hoprified way. A low but penetrating "Come in!" intensified the horror of the situation.

Denis took off his hat, twisted the

Mr. Speaker here interfered most definitively, and the house of commons once more dropped into its rut of rouse shining mildly upon a litter of papers, didn't do it? And if wan makes a poor Denis' neighbors shook hands with him extravagantly. He was flushed looked pale and tired. But the absence

health I'll sind Tim O'Callaghan home

at the open door. "He did all he could to keep me out. "Tisn't he's to blame for disturbing you. 'Tisn't he's to blame, for disturbing you. 'Tisn't he's to blame, put him in the guard room, Thin whin entirely. And if I thought he'd be harrumed I'd go away agin without Tim got a mere shmell av the canteen harrumed I'd go away agin without the was wake with all the harrd fightharrumed I'd go away agin without say a worrd. Don't discharge or dismiss him. Don't put anny black mark agin him. 'Tis I'm th' ofiender all to-

Mr. Chamberlain smiled at the earnstness of this.

the door.

"Ye can do Private O'Callaghan good turn, sir. nagh, but no more. Frankly, my time is mortgaged to the hilt."

'So's poorr Tim's, too, sir.' "But what can I do? The court-mar-tial sentence must be carried out," said quickly. Mr. Chamberlain.

self about the camp-'

"It was not in camp that he dis-Chamberlain, pulling out a paper from touched his hat. a bundle on his left. "The information Mr. Chamberla When a private soldier, named Timothy O'Callaghan of the Seventeenth Wick-low Rangers was tried, and whether any information has reached the right honorable gintleman as to the nature of the charge against Private O'Callaghan and the result of the triat?"

Well, thin, ye might say I'l wait till afther dinner for um—eh?"

Denis sat down, and the right honorable gentleman stood up. He read his hand, in a cool, matter-of-fact tone:

"Young Ludlow gasped.

"He's up to his ears in it—he's away here again before dinner."

"Well, thin, ye might say I'l wait till afther dinner for um—eh?"

"I declined to anything of the kind.

I'm not humbugging. I tell you it isn't safe—turning the whole British empire answer from an official paper in his habitually quiet tone, said:

"You were quite right in admitting obeyed. When they got into camp the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the charge against Private O'Callaghan's fighting record was good, the punishment inflicted was slight—guard-room and pack-drill. Then, in his first hour of ing record was good, the punishment inflicted was slight—guard-room and pack-drill. Then, in his first hour of officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the charge against Private O'Callaghan was good, the punishment inflicted was slight—guard-room and pack-drill. Then, in his first hour of officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the charge against private of callaghan was good, the punishment inflicted was slight—guard-room and pack-drill. Then, in his first obeyed. When they got into camp the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the charge and order, which was openly dissounded in officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the charge and order, which was openly dissounded in the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the officer was bound to report the insuboundance of the officer "He's up to his ears in it-he's away

big voice quavared as he put his first tal lives, merely to answer a question But it did not destroy his natural hope-

"Ah, sir," said he, "Ye're looking only at the facts."
"In heaven's name, Cavanagh, what else can I look at?" misfortunate thing that this same redheaded Private O'Callaghan should

er's chair. The signs were interpreted and answered—scarcely without a pause; and Mr. Chamberlain rose.

headed Private O'Callagnan should "Sure, ye know very well there's the hot fighting and thin to go and get the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the hot fighting and thin to go and get the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the hot fighting and thin to go and get the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the hot fighting and thin to go and get the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the hot fighting and thin to go and get the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the hot fighting and thin to go and get the human side to ut. Ye niver knew the hot fighting and thin to go and get the hot fighting and thin to go and get the hot fighting and the hot fighting and thin to go and get the hot fighting and th sintinced to be shot?"

"Of course, he'll be shot! You can't possibly help it. You may risk your neck by invading his room about 10 tonight. But I declare, openly, I should be afraid even to hint to himself of your frightful intention."

"He's a good lad." Denis said, wistfully, following with half-closed eyes the black-clothed youth as he disap
"Of course, he'll be shot! You can't as big as the little green lamp that y' have all title of the feeling for me that you have a little of the feeling for me that you have for Tim O'Callaghan! I shall be glad of such eloquent advocacy."

And the honorable member for Ratherian to tread on the tail of his coat.

Sure there never was any harm in Tim personal friends.

other Wicklow Rangers to follow his bad example.

Were the others to be shot also?
No; only their ring-leader—O'Calia-fain.

But, then, the sight of the delicious fruit changed his thoughts quizzically. It brought Denis' own hunger back to him with pain. He wondered if he rose to its value in an utterly unexpected way.

A score? Had the right honorable gentleman been informed whether any more than this one score of Wicklow Rangers were left after the hard fighting they had done that day? And was and the actualing his thoughts. And he saw himself tucking his napkin

there no charity due to their memory And phwat made him disobey ordhers "Well, Cavanagh?"

"Before I say a ward, sir, I must ask you to put no blame on that polishman outside your doore." Denis made a straight point at the shrinking uniform at the open door. "He did all be could be comp'ny and order thim off the field?

And Tim wouldn't let thim go back?

Strand he got news.

The evening papers were out. He bought them all—wondering in horror if he would find Tim had been shot the morning before.

His horror turned to a trembling sn't it a notorious thing that the hand- Strand he got news. And Tim wouldn't let thim go back? And sure, the off'cer himself must have had no notion of hurting Tim whin he ing: and the divil tuk a-hold av him; and in the way of no harrm, he wint waltzing 'round shooting at the off'cer that put him in the guard room for

winning a great battle,"
"You plead as if the life of this Tim
O'Callaghan were a sacred cause, Cav-

"Tis like me own flesh and blood he A smile, half numorous, half cynical, brightened the grave face at the

table at the answer: "Universally," murmured Mr. Chainood turn, sir."
"I will spare you five minutes, Cavationship between a member and his

> "'Tis no laughing matter, sir." "Indeed, it's no laughing matter, Cavanagh," Mr. Chamberlain said very "I never felt more sympathet-

So you knew Tim?

Tim, afther the hard fighting, got nagh, and I find I have given you neardhrunk maybe and made a fool of him- ly an hour. I wish you'd tell the doorkeeper to come to me."

Denis went to the door and brought

here is precise. O'Callaghan's officer in his habitually quiet tone, said: gave an order, which was openly dis-

"Ah, but, sure, an Irish soldier," of fact, he fired at the officer, but his condition interfered with his marks"I don't care. Do you know what manship—unusually excellent. The

cordiality.

"Begor, y've made a fighting frind of Denis Cavanagh, sir. And I'll be delighted to support any measure y' iver bring in—unless." he added in a hurry, "'tis inimical to the welfare of Ire-

cause the inimy where he could look for news. blue, white and yellow, and the tall, fool of himself in a mad minute—must went to the colonial office. He saw grave statesman sitting at the half-all that he and his dead comrades Ludlow, but Ludlow would only tell way of the table. Mr. Chamberlain fought for and fell for be forgot? Is him that an important cable had gone the night before. When Denis came back into the

weakness when he found among the war news of the St. James a Reuter telegram, from an unstated source, giving the rumor that the court-martial had quashed the sentence upon the soldier who had threatened to shoot an officer of the Wicklow Rangers. With the paper in his hand Denis

firmation. He failed to run him down at the colonial office. At 2 o'clock Denis was at the house bent on asking another "question." He

sat groaning among his colleagues on the benches below the gangway waiting for the colonial secretary. His eye was glued to the treasury bench. Honorable members on both sides of the house asked meandering questions of ministers in unctuous tones. Denis listened and waited in torture

Chamberlain came slowly from behind the speaker's chair. Denis, forgetting everything else, leaped to his

Another honorable member had the floor, but Denis broke in: done up as to have to lean upon the parapet of the Thames embankment for a little rest. He looked like a giant in pose. He was so big that his frock count, like a mountful abbreviation of a dress-like a mou "With great deference, Mr. Speaker,"

slight pause, made answer: "As I say, no official information has come to hand. The procedure, I think, would be to dismiss O'Callaghan from obeyed orders," quietly put in Mr. in the constable, who trembled as he the army and send him home; and I think the honorable member may re-Mr. Chamberlain looked at him and, gard the rumor as being true in sub-

"Hurroo!" roared Denis, and once more he hame "a bowlt for the doore" to the telegraph office. But the house of commons messenger

stopped him and handed him a telegram "Biddy ag'in!" he roared, and pulled out the message: "No news. Have yau saved Time

"Aha, me beauty!" said Denis. He rushed to the telegraph office and "Yes, bad luck to ye! Tim on the way home. Tell all Rathkeale.

"And now, glory be to God!" Denis, 'I'm going to have a feed. I'm as hnugry this minute as a blissful saint outside paradise!"

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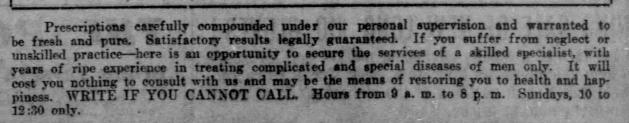
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But Mr. Chamberlain had risen to him. reply.

"O'Callaghan had threatened to shoot the officer who had given the order."

Denis instantly rose. The speaker rose at the same time, pulling his black robe about him, to put a stop to these "Did ye iver hear the like of her?" he wanted to know. "A body'd think I

a great opportunity.

"Is the right honorable gentleman aware that the order given by the officer—the order which O'Callaghan and his comrades refused to obey—was an order to retire, and run away from the inimy?

"I'll reply by not saying a word," he

"That's firrst blood to me, annyway, of any surprise at the intrusion gave

"Well, Cavanagh, I'll forgive him for opening the door if you'll close it." Denis went to the door, winked magnificently at the policeman, and closed is to me, sir.

"Did ye sind that cable?"
"Half an hour ago."

"Do you mean that you are expecting "What else is left to me?"

Young Ludlow gasped.

"I don't care. Do you know what manship—unusually excellent. The you've done? That cable means tur-court-martial found the crime punish-"I don't care. Do you know what shot."

He sat down and forgot about it all in an affable conversation with his riders galloping all night very indignant and profane—through wild country or one with a fear upon him. His penis rose with a fear upon him. His try at imminent danger to their mortal standy extendit. The might cavallagh.

To Denis' utter amazement, the great man stood up and took his hand in a most friendly grip. This act of good facts were stated completely destroyed Denis' idea of debating the question. But it did not destroy his natural hope-fulness. in an affable conversation with his riders galloping all night very indigin the house about Private O'Calla-"Tell me, now," said Denis, "isn't it a

the precise nature of the charge of mutiny?

Yes. O'Callaghan, while in action, had disobeyed orders and had induced the black-clothed youth as he disappeared among the white and red dresses.

ing they had done that day? And was their heroism to be rewarded by a court-martial for a mere act of insubwhen a house of commons messenger came to the terrace with a telegram for

Denis tore it open, and groaned as he

"He'll know what I want to see him about. Sure, it'il be all right, me deere